

## V. Voyage into Spring (Chuang Tzu) Thinking Landscape

By the river edge  
boys are waiting  
holding in their hands  
the looped ends of coiled rope.  
We pass thinking of the sea  
six hundred miles away.  
Further on  
small children  
sail straw boats  
sealed with beeswax and pine tar  
in the murk  
and churn of the river.  
We pass  
to watch the hills fold away  
beneath a sky patched with clouds  
& strung with sunset.  
Still many miles  
from the sea our boat slows  
culling what it can  
from the sails.  
The river  
ever  
widening  
is lined with old men moving South.  
The banks are steep and muddy.  
Before the purple night geese  
alight flying high  
over the pale moon.

SECTIONS FROM: 53 STATIONS OF THE TOKAIDO

### Chant

Contain (s)  
bone fragment  
-ed dug up

free dead  
end

loose wall  
tight wind

ambivalent  
law  
less

containing  
all

the same.

### Maxim

Burning  
all my bridges  
behind me, I have gained  
a great  
respect for rivers.